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PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

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ANYTHING TO PLEASE COMSTOCK.

MONSIEUR CABANEL (painting his next great picture for the New York market).—I wonder if Comstock will object to this?



PUCK,  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,  
from the  
PUCK BUILDING,  
New York.

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A. Schwarzmann.  
Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, December 7th, 1887. - No. 561.

Puck this week contains 18 pages.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE RE-ASSEMBLING of Congress will bring up the one question which divides public opinion in this country. We take it for granted that all good citizens wish for an honestly managed civil service, and that few good citizens believe that the war begun in 1861 is still raging. But there is room for difference of opinion between good citizens on the great Tariff question. There is no denying the fact that there is such a difference, and that, practically, it divides the population into two parties. There is no denying the fact that there is warm feeling on both sides. Yet, to our thinking, these are facts to be deplored. The tariff question is a question of economics: nothing more or less. To discuss it on grounds of abstract principle is to talk in the air. It is—so far as this country is concerned—a matter of expediency; of practical application. If we can not, as a nation, carry on trade on an even footing with foreign nations, we must, if we would have a trade of our own, handicap foreign competition.

But the primary condition of all trade is that the consumer shall be benefited. A may stand by the roadside and offer a pound of meat for a loaf of bread; but unless B comes along, who has a loaf of bread and needs a pound of meat more than he needs that loaf of bread, there will be no trade. And A offers his pound of meat only because he thinks it will meet the wants of a possible B. He does not offer a pound of earth or a pound of wood. This is a consideration which must enter into the regulation of all questions of barter and sale. If the handicap on foreign competition is a burdensome tax upon the consumer, he may justly demand that he shall not be made to suffer for the benefit of the tradesman. If the trade can be profitably carried on without such handicap, the tradesman has no right to ask for privileges which other citizens do not enjoy. These, we think, are propositions which few would care to gainsay. From these propositions must be deduced the final solution of the problem of Protection. Postpone it as long as we may, the settlement of the matter must be brought about on these lines. We must have a protective tariff if it is necessary and beneficial to the country; we must have free trade wherever it works the greatest good to the greatest number.

But it is not easy to get the American people to look at this business as a question of economics. They have learned to regard it as a matter of politics. They have heard it talked over in the inflated language of the professional politician. They have some vague idea that a great moral principle is involved—they do not know what; but something, they think, as deep and important as that other mysterious something which makes the difference between a Republican and a Democrat. The notion that it is an affair of arithmetic—a thing that can be ciphered out and logically demonstrated, as to the right and the wrong of it, has not yet come home to them. Yet some time, however politicians may begof them, they have got to receive and accept this truth; some time they must learn that if a high tax imposed on certain imports is a benefit to the country, it should be retained; if it is hurtful to the country, it should be abolished. The time, it seems to us, has come for a discussion of this great question on this common-sense basis. We wish we could say that the people and the politicians were prepared for such a discussion.

The loose talk of political agitators has done a deal of harm in this country. In their appeals for popular support they have wandered far from simple republican standards of thought. They address themselves to prejudices which should have no part in the consideration of public affairs. It is difficult, nowadays, to understand the motives that sway many of our voters. There are men casting votes who can not tell why they cast them as they do. Among all classes there is an idea that a vote is a privilege, or a personal prerogative, to be disposed of according to the individual's private taste. That a vote implies a duty—that the voter is exercising the functions of a jurymen, to all intents and purposes—never enters the heads of thousands of American voters. This fact—it is a dismal fact, as you will find if you will closely question your neighbors—accounts, in part, for the fluctuations in the "Prohibition vote."

We do not believe that, on a fair show of hands, any state in the Union would declare for such sumptuary legislation as would cause the abolition of all trade in alcoholic liquors. Yet some states have so declared themselves, and the paradox is accounted for only by the known fact that many people who are not Prohibitionists vote the Prohibition ticket on the most absurd and childish grounds. In Rhode Island the people voted Prohibition merely to spite the other two parties; both having lost the popular confidence. In Maine they vote the ticket to please an influential class, and because they know that the law is inoperative. Of course, this vote can not be relied upon. Atlanta reversed its own decision the other day; and a dozen more summer-resorts on the coast of Maine will turn the business-like natives into advocates of a license system. That sort of thing will regulate itself, in the end. But what is the American citizen doing, when he votes for what he does not want, for the mere sake of voting? Is he not making a fool of himself?

YOU will please understand that the **X-mas Puck** for 1887 is the regular issue of PUCK for December 14th, 1887.

YOU made so many mistakes when we made the **X-mas Puck** an extra issue, that we have had to put our big **X-mas Puck** in the regular series. We beg your pardon; we don't wish to be rude; but

YOU did.

YOU will find the **X-mas Puck** a large publication, of 48 pages, with three colored cartoons and a great many smaller pictures, in tint and in black-and-white.

YOU will be so kind as to understand that the **X-mas Puck** is *NOT* an English publication, with pictures of "Under the Mistletoe" and of hunting scenes, where fat men are being thrown over fences; that it is *NOT* a French importation, with humor calculated on the meridian of the Bal Bullier; that it is *NOT* a revival of prehistoric American forms, with men putting up stovepipes and sliding down stairs on cakes of soap, but that it is the sort of thing that you can take home, read, look at and enjoy.

YOU will find that what there is to read in it—and there is a great deal—is *NOT* "button-bursting" nor "side-splitting," but is bright, clever, amusing and clean; and is good literature of its sort. If that last phrase sounds odd to you, please remember that it would apply to "The Yellowplush Papers" or to "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures."

YOU will find the pictures attractive and well-drawn. They prove, we think, that humor can exist, dissociated from big heads and feet combined with small bodies.

YOU showed last summer that you liked Puzzles. There is one for you in the **X-mas Puck**, with prize-money to the amount of

**\$500.—**

waiting for the winners.

YOU will oblige us by understanding that this talks to YOU, and that this is our busy day.

25 CENTS.

OF ALL NEWSDEALERS.

OR:

OF KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,

PUCK BUILDING, NEW YORK.

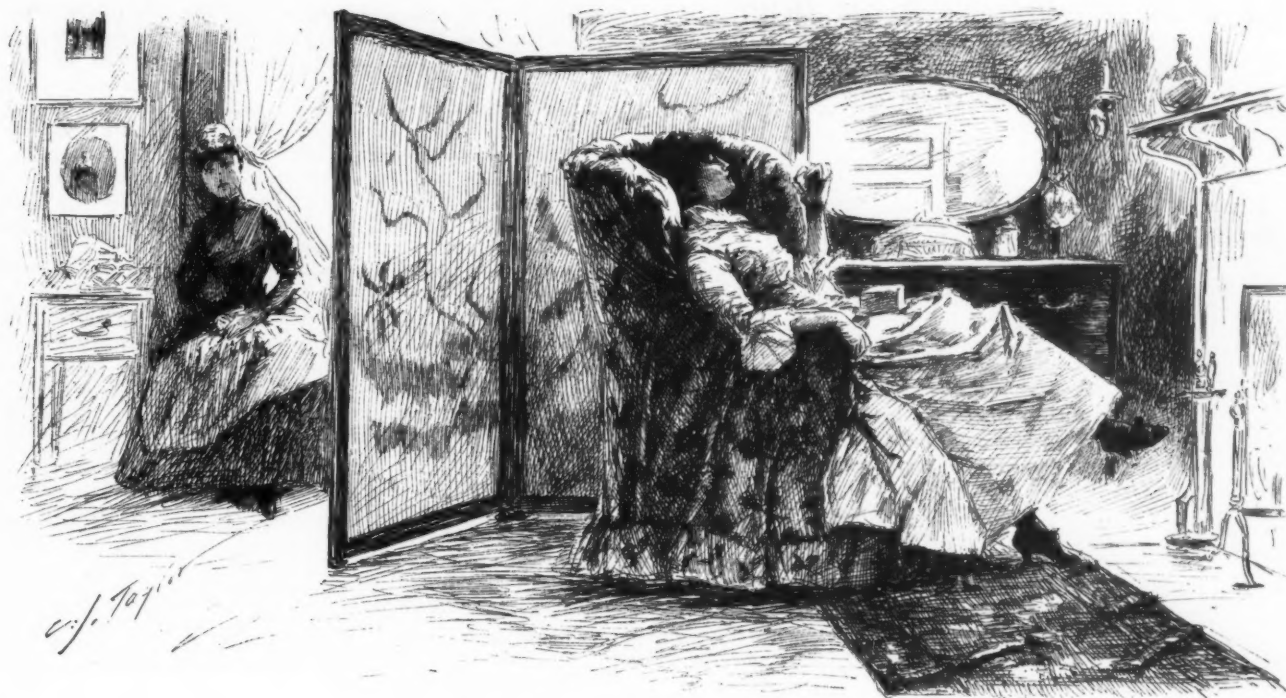


### A PRACTICAL WARNING AT THE WAGNER SOCIETY.

LONG-HAIRED ENTHUSIAST.—Ah, what ecstasy and delicious joy to be wafted heavenward on the glorious strains of dear old Wagner!

COLD-BLOODED PHILISTINE (*an invited guest*).—That's all right, Slocum; but you're not losing sight of the fact that it's nearly midnight, and raining quite hard, and you know you have a long journey before you to Newark!





## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

[MAMIE'S ROOM. MAMIE, in tea gown, slippers, deep meditation, and the only easy chair, sits by the fire eating bonbons. Her YOUNGER SISTER, occupying very uncomfortable seat on cold side of room, simultaneously struggles with a strong yearning for bonbons and one of MAMIE's second-best dresses, which she is mending. Silence.]

MAMIE (suddenly).—Goodness, how stupid! Gertie, why don't you say something?

YOUNGER SISTER.—Why, it was only five minutes ago that you said my chatter was driving you distracted!

MAMIE.—And so it was—but that horrid snipping sound you make is ten times worse. Come, take some of these gumdrops! I don't like them—so here's a whole handful. (Sister, who does n't like them, either, nevertheless munches thankfully.)

MAMIE.—Just put that screen up between us. There's an awful draught coming from your direction somewhere. Oh, now we're nice and warm, ain't we?

SISTER (though shiveringly dissenting from the propriety of plurals).—Ye-es.

MAMIE.—I want to arrange for Christmas. I've only a hundred and fifty dollars, and there's a perfect mob of people whom I ought to remember. I positively don't see how I'm to do it.

SISTER.—Yes, there's Papa—

MAMIE.—That's easy enough. I'll order him a silk hat and get the man to wait three months before sending in the bill to him.

SISTER.—And Mama—

MAMIE.—I'll embroider her a dozen handkerchiefs, if I have time; or perhaps you might do them along with those you're doing for me.

SISTER.—Brother George—

MAMIE.—I'll give him a box of Papa's cigars. Papa'll never miss them.

SISTER.—And—and—

MAMIE.—Yourself? Why, Gertie, dear, I'm going to give you—to give you—Oh, did you know that Mrs. Brown is going South next week and wants to sell that lovely sealskin of hers, which cost at least three hundred, for—you'll never guess—for only one hundred and fifty? Such a chance for me!

SISTER.—But you have n't the money?

MAMIE.—No; but I would have it, if it was n't for these tiresome gifts—exactly the amount. And then I could give you my plush jacket—I should n't need it any more.

SISTER (ecstatically).—Oh, Mame!

MAMIE (peevishly).—But it's of no use to wish—is n't it exasperating? There, you're all provided for!

SISTER (not clearly perceiving this).—But, what am I—?

MAMIE.—Oh, don't discuss, or I'll never finish! Hand me the pencil and tablet, will you? Why, how cold your hands are! You don't exercise sufficiently, child. If you'd gone down to Madame's for my hat, as I asked, you'd have warmed your blood nicely. Well, now for the list! (Writes.) Aunt Clara: I must give her something decent, for she was terribly vexed at my passing her over last Christmas, and she might change her mind about the property. One of those nice etchings she's so fond of will be just the thing. Fifty dollars for that! (Writes.) Mr. Chasuble:

SISTER.—What, our rector?

MAMIE.—Yes, of course! He's been quite attentive, lately; and, who knows?—a book would be appropriate; so I'll have the bookseller pick out something pious and expensive—to cost twenty-five dollars, say.

SISTER.—Who comes next?

MAMIE (writing).—Alice Coupon: She's sure to make me a present, and I must give her an elegant one, for I was awfully mortified last Christmas when she gave me those splendid bracelets, and I only gave her a wretched little bangle. She told all the girls about it, and actually went everywhere saying that I'd grown economical.

SISTER (innocently).—How mistaken she was!

MAMIE.—So this year I'll utterly eclipse her with that magnificent engraving, "Peace on earth, good will to men," for I hate that girl beyond everything. Oh, and I'll send her one of those stunning hand-painted cards with "May Christmas joy fill your heart," on it. Won't she be mad, though!

SISTER.—What else?

MAMIE.—Well, besides Alice there are her sisters, May—

SISTER.—And Dora and Julia—

MAMIE.—And Lizzie and Carrie and Sophie—heavens, what a flock!—all to be remembered and no two of them to have anything alike.

SISTER.—But Alice never gives me a thing; and I don't see why you should remember her sisters when she does n't yours.

MAMIE (with great severity).—Gertrude, I'd

nave you understand that if Alice does n't choose to do as she ought, I do. Whatever faults I may have, I certainly am not selfish! (Sister temporarily crushed by this piece of information.) Fifty dollars for the whole family. That leaves twenty-five to buy a gift for Mrs. Topnotch.

SISTER.—Why should she have one?

MAMIE.—Because she asks me there a good deal; and it's well to keep in with her. That ends the list. One hundred and fifty dollars disposed of. Oh, dear—and it would just buy the sealskin!

[Without warning, in rushes MAUD, brimful of news and eagerness to impart it.]

MAUD (breathlessly).—Oh, Mame, I've lots and lots of things to tell you! Have you heard about your aunt? No? Well, she's lost all her money in the Lame Duck Trust Company—won't have a cent left, they say!

MAMIE (aside).—Off goes Aunt Clara! (Scratches out name from list.)

MAUD.—And Mr. Chasuble's engaged to Miss Hauteglise—it's out only to-day!

MAMIE (aside).—Off goes Mr. Chasuble!

MAUD.—And Alice Coupon—

MAMIE (again seizing pencil).—Well? (Aside.) I begin to see the sealskin!

MAUD.—She says she is n't going to make a single present this year. The idea!

MAMIE (aside).—Off go Alice, May, Dora, Julia, Lizzie, Carrie and Sophie! (Erases.) If anything is the matter with Mrs. Topnotch, the sealskin is mine.

MAUD.—Good-bye, I can't stay another minute—I've oceans to do! Oh, there's one thing more! Mrs. Topnotch—

MAMIE (hopefully).—Yes?

MAUD.—Hateful creature! She says you're the most disagreeable girl she knows, and she'll never have you at her house again! I thought you really ought to know. Good-bye, dear! [Exit.]

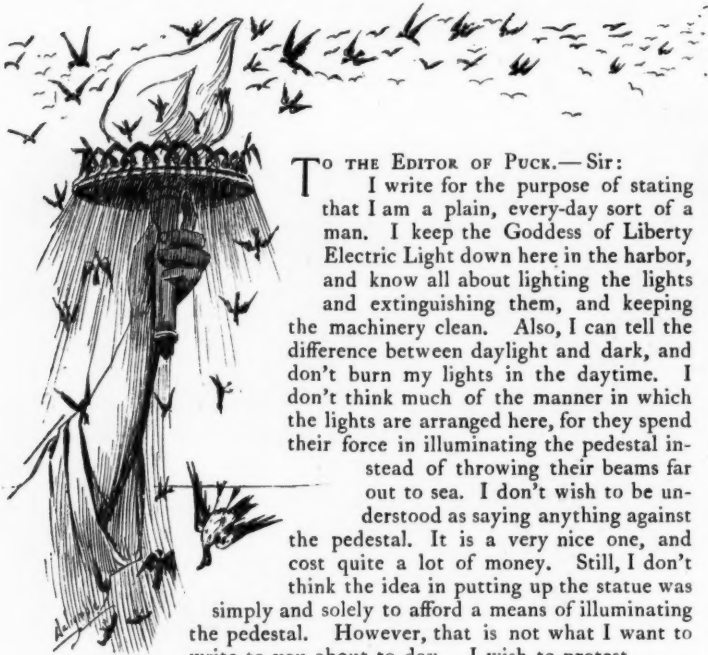
MAMIE.—Off goes Mrs. Topnotch! (Tears list to pieces.) "It's an ill wind," and so forth. I'll go to Mrs. Brown's this instant and buy the sealskin!

SISTER.—And I'm to have the plush jacket! Oh, goody!

MAMIE.—The plush jacket? No, indeed, miss! What am I to wear when it rains, little selfishness? [Quick curtain.]

Manley H. Pike.

## BIRDS THAT WILL BUMP NO MORE.



TO THE EDITOR OF PUCK.—Sir:

I write for the purpose of stating that I am a plain, every-day sort of a man. I keep the Goddess of Liberty Electric Light down here in the harbor, and know all about lighting the lights and extinguishing them, and keeping the machinery clean. Also, I can tell the difference between daylight and dark, and don't burn my lights in the daytime. I don't think much of the manner in which the lights are arranged here, for they spend their force in illuminating the pedestal instead of throwing their beams far out to sea. I don't wish to be understood as saying anything against the pedestal. It is a very nice one, and cost quite a lot of money. Still, I don't think the idea in putting up the statue was simply and solely to afford a means of illuminating the pedestal. However, that is not what I want to write to you about to-day. I wish to protest.

You have probably seen by the papers that a lot of birds are in the habit of flying against our glass windows and killing themselves. We never pick up less than a dozen birds every morning which have met their deaths in this manner. And we have picked up as many as 1,300 on a stormy night. Not knowing what else to do with the birds, we were in the habit of selling the bodies to milliners, or anybody else who wanted them, for whatever we could get. But now the Government has come in and interested itself in this matter by means of the following proclamation:

General Order 76,214.

To the Keeper of the Liberty Electric Light: Hereafter you will regularly report to this department in the matter of the birds killed through the agency of your light. Your daily report on this subject must include the following points: Number of birds killed; description in detail, and name of each bird; the probable hour when each bird struck; direction and force of wind in each case, and general character of the weather; total number of birds striking; number wounded; number killed; general remarks. By Order,

SIGNAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT.

Well, after receiving this order, of course I had to obey it. Now, between you and me, I never studied ornithology; and, besides, was brought up in a city; so I don't know one bird from another. But the Government has explicitly demanded the scientific name and a detailed description of every bird that falls into my hands; so I suppose it has got to be done, and I have got to do it. I have bought a book on birds, and have just finished compiling my first report. Some one has criticised the weather part of it, and asked me how the wind could change so much in so short a time. I don't know that that's anybody's business but mine and the Government's. I don't make the weather. Furthermore, my boy added in the weather, for I was too busy with the technical description to attend to that part of it. The Government wants to know exactly what these birds look like, and it shall know. Here is a sample page of my first report:

1. *Phathon athereus*. Anterior thoracic portion russet-green; vomer and wing-coverts fusiform; peculiar pterylosis; antepenultimate dorsal vertebrae free; the seven hindermost cervical vertebrae have only very weak median inferior crests, and the anterior face of the centre of the dorsal vertebrae are flattened and with crests; two notches on the posterior edge of the sternum. Struck at 10 P. M., wind N., 40 miles an hour. Remarks (by my boy Tom when she struck): "Gosh, Pop, but that there was a bouncer!"

2. *Pelecanus erythrorhynchus*. Pectoral muscle double; ambiens absent; flexor hallucis with a special slip to the second toe; expansor secundar present; syrinx without intersecting muscles; anterior rings of bronchi complete; two caeca; powder-downs absent; palatoglossus absent; general struthious characters. Struck at 11 P. M., wind S., 15 miles an hour. No remarks, except that a man told me this bird was a *mira-bile dictu*. I suppose this to be an alternate name of the one above given.

3. *Archaeopteryx lithographica*. Presacral vertebrae 21, bi-concave and trichromatous, resembling in general form those of *Ichthyornis*; three long slender digits, armed with claws; the radial digit shortest; the pollux is composed of a short metacarpal, a pretty long phalanx, and two

terminal claw-bearing phalanges; the other two digits having, besides the metacarpal, three normal phalanges; the pollux free; the remiges of the wings are fixed to the ulnar edge of the arm and to the hand; the patella was clothed with feathers the whole of its length; each caudal vertebra bore a pair of lateral rectrices. Struck at 12 P. M., wind NW., 50 miles an hour. Remarks: There was an old fellow down here looking at my report, and he laughed so over the foregoing that I asked him why, and he said the bird I had named belonged to the Jurassic period. Then he went away, still laughing and chuckling. I don't see the joke. Who is the Jurassic period? Some Long Island fancy-pigeon club, I take it.

Fortunately only 19 birds struck last night. By writing hard all day, and hiring a darkey to clean my lights, I managed to get my reports done at 11 at night. I shall keep up with the work which the Government has ordered while life and strength last; but some night when we have a bad storm, and 1,300 birds strike——!

Yours, in painful expectancy,

Bartholomew Blew.

## CAPTURING THEM UNAWARES.

MR. LONGHAIR.—Are you the gentleman who writes reading-notices which begin with something of startling interest and end with a patent-medicine advertisement?

WRITER.—I do work of that sort, occasionally, sir.

MR. LONGHAIR.—Well, I wish you would get me up something about a prize-fight, or a trunk murder, or a church scandal, or anything the public are especially interested in, and then spring on them: "Are you prepared to die?" "What will you do to be saved?" "Lay not up for yourself treasures upon earth," etc. I'm a tract distributor.

## GETTING ON BRAVELY.

CITIZEN (to RAILROAD OFFICIAL).—What has been done in regard to heating the cars with steam?

RAILROAD OFFICIAL.—We have been considering the subject in its different aspects.

CITIZEN.—Ah, that's encouraging; cold weather is almost here, you know! What result have you reached?

RAILROAD OFFICIAL.—Well—not any yet. You see we have n't quite finished with the aspects.



## AN UNFORTUNATE SELECTION.

MISS SMITH (whose brother has just arrived from Texas).—Duke, you are making a perfect exhibition of yourself!

DUKE (continuing the exhibition).—I don't care a rap. You can dress me up in dude clothes, make me cut my hair, and insist on my sayin' "ither" for "either"; but when the band strikes up "The Old Keg," I'm goin' to dance Alamo style or bust!



# The Ballad of Hop-Scotch



## I.

S AID A confidential, trusted friend:  
 "I know the name of a horse  
 That on Tuesday next will come in first  
 On the Cattaraugus course;  
 I got it from 'Hop-Scotch's' owner —  
 A most reliable source.

"The horse has never won a race —  
 He has always come in last;  
 A lobster could beat him; to tell the truth,  
 He is anything but fast;  
 And the book-makers will forty to one  
 Against him freely cast.

"On Tuesday next upon 'Hop-Scotch':  
 I'll wager my final cent;  
 And when the people with lusty cheers  
 Their rapture and joy give vent,  
 I'll grab enough in a single haul  
 To pay the annual rent."



## V.

Then the little wife serenely ceased her song so  
 light and gay,  
 And her hopes were sweetly centred on the  
 great eventful day;

So she quickly told her husband fifty dollars to put up,  
 For she felt as gay and happy as a school-boy in a scup.

## VI.

He put up the fifty on race-day,  
 And sat in a two-dollar seat,  
 And the smile that reposed on his features  
 Was balmy and lovely and sweet.

The horses all started together,  
 The people all shouted and cheered —  
 They were bunched in a heap at the quarter,  
 They were bunched when the half-mile they neared.

They were bunched as they entered the home-stretch,  
 When the jockey who rode "Uncle Ned"  
 Tried to pull in his horse — 't was the leader —  
 To let old "Hop-Scotch" get ahead.

But "Uncle Ned," somehow or other,  
 Fell down and came to a full stop,  
 And old "Hop-Scotch" so close was upon him  
 That he tumbled across him, ker-flop.

## VII.

The bird is shot on the rose-tree  
 When singing his blithest note;  
 When perfectly blown the lily  
 Enlivens the inner goat.

His porcelain cups are stone-ware;  
 His brass beds are common ash;  
 No burglar can find his silver  
 Any more than he can his cash;

His faith in horses is ended,  
 Especially in "Hop-Scotch,"  
 And his high Dutch clock on the stairway  
 Is a Waterbury watch.

R. K. M.

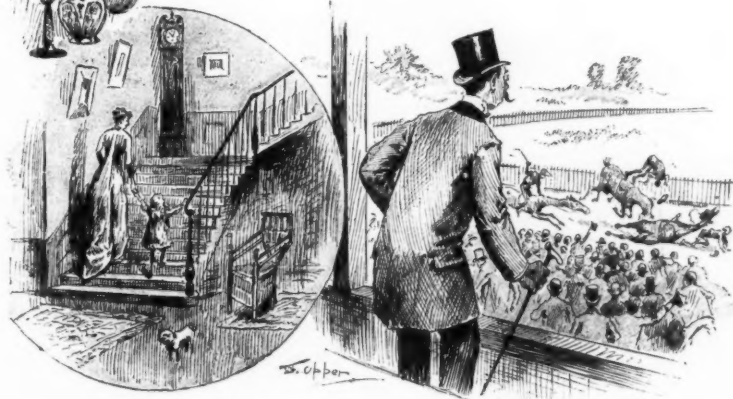
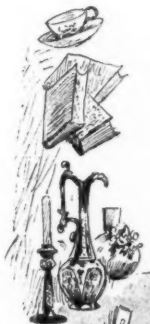
## II.

Then, like a wind-swept rose, the fellow left  
 His friend, who fell into a gentle dream  
 Of golden fortune; and the secret of  
 The race of Tuesday in his mind he turned.  
 "Forty for one," said he, "is wond'rous odds.  
 If five I bet, I'll get two hundred back;  
 For ten, four hundred; and for twelve I'll get  
 Four hundred and eighty — what a handsome sum!  
 'T would clothe us for the winter, pay the rent,  
 Buy opera tickets, and such luxuries  
 As only snow-white spirits can enjoy.

"What think you?" said he, when that night he told  
 His wife the pleasant story of "Hop-Scotch,"  
 And of the Tuesday triumph, and the gold  
 That like a gentle shower on violets  
 Would fall into their gaping pocket-book.

## III.

And the little wife looked up from the wristlet she was knitting,  
 She thought she had never heard of a lovelier scheme before;  
 And the sunbeams that upon the Daghestan rug were flitting  
 Were not half so bright or sweet as the smile that her features wore,  
 As she thought of the various things that can never be got without money —  
 The things for which deep in her heart she did famish and yearn and long.  
 Her face was lit up with a glow that was lovely and sweet and sunny,  
 And her heart and her soul burst forth in the following little song:



## IV.

"Fluffy, silken portieres,  
 Dainty pictured china,  
 Antique silver flagons,  
 Lined with sombre gold;  
 Brass beds and brass dogs,  
 Vases pink as rose-buds,  
 And brittle flowered saucers  
 As brittle cups to hold.

Books in vellum, parchment,  
 Dreamy autumn etchings,  
 Terra cotta, sage-green  
 Curtains, silken, rare;  
 Bric-à-brac and cut-glass,  
 Rugs, jugs, and pug-dogs,  
 Beside a high Dutch clock  
 To stand upon the stair."



## I THINK SO.



TWO SAPPHIRES are those eyes of thine,  
So lovely and so sweet;  
O three times happy is the man  
Whom lovingly they greet!

Thy heart, it is a diamond  
Which noble light out-throws;  
O three times happy is the man  
For whom it loving glows!

Two rubies are those lips of thine,  
More thrilling none to press;  
O three times happy is the man  
To whom they love confess!

And if I knew that happy man,  
And found him at his prayers,  
I think I'd be disposed to help—  
Him up the golden stairs.

*From Heine, by Job Fish, Sr.*

## PRONOUNS.

OF ALL misplaced confidence, that which reverently regards the dictionary and the grammar is the most baseless and well deserves the waffle. According to Webster, "poor" means "not rich," which, putting it mildly, is the smoothest-faced, lyingest lie that was ever uttered. "Poor" signifieth a cheap restaurant and a starving boarder; implies an eight-dollar overcoat, mended and brushed to last over the sixth winter; brings to mind a man whose hat has a generous hole through which the wind ventilates his uncombed locks, while he stands at the back door and asks for "a bite of victuals;" portrays a man with eleven cents in his pocket and bills on every corner, and dodging his creditors up the dark but friendly alley-way; brings to mind the Knight of Labor who *can't* labor, and secretly wishes Powderly and Co. might be in a land where overcoats are a burden; pictures the ill-clad but funny amateur writing spring poetry for a living and receiving from the editor the polite and gracious "Returned with thanks," whereat he teareth his hair and maketh sundry cursory observations, etc., etc.

All of which is intended to prepare your mind for a like fault of the dictionary, as also of the grammar, as to the definition of Pronouns. Here these guides both are away off, buried, as it were, in Egyptian darkness. For they tell us that "a pronoun is a word that stands for a noun;" whereas, it sometimes stands for a good deal more; and then, again, for less than the smallest fraction of nothing; and, in the hands of a Dutchman, "him shoost gits knocked endways tam likely."

Plainly, too, the same pronoun may vary widely in its meaning. "He," after Henry George, has the accepted signification of "Ass, pure and simple," and should always have, in the margin of the page, a pictorial reminder of that sad and patient beast. On the other hand, "He," after James G. Blaine, at once suggests a superannuated coon fishing eternally in the shadow of the White House, and catching the shadow, "a little longer grown," every four years. "She," to the lover, means an angel; whereas, to the married man who comes home late, after "sitting up with a sick friend," it signifies the devil. "They" is provokingly indefinite: it may

## THEY KEPT HIM BUSY.

MISS BREEZY (of Chicago, to young Mr. WABASH).—Did you have a pleasant visit in Boston, Mr. Wabash?

MR. WABASH.—Well, yes, rather.

MISS BREEZY.—You found your time fully occupied, I imagine?

MR. WABASH.—Yes, indeed! I spent about half of it studying the dictionary.



mean a flock of geese flying to a northern hill too early in the season, or the spring poets that outsing the frogs of every neighboring marsh; or Mrs. Grundy, whose slighted rebuke is, to her many worshipers, as the white gleam of the descending guillotine.

"I," also, is exceedingly variable. In the mind of its most frequent user, it denotes an imaginary being ten feet high and broad in proportion—it pictures to him a being universally accomplished; able to distance Spurgeon as a preacher and A. Tennyson as a poet, and thoroughly competent to run this government in the most aggressive and magnetic way; while to his listener it means a three-inch auger firmly planted against his breast. According to the grammar, "We" stands for two or more people in the first person, yet it *may* mean only one little seedy village editor who has other reasons than those of courtesy for putting his coat on as a visitor enters; and who, even thus protected, is not very apt to flap the tails of that dignified garment in an unguarded way; or it may mean a screeching harpy in New York City who waves before the grand army of harpies a certain sanguinulent nether garment, and declares how "unfortunate the President is in all his vetoes," yet strangely forgets to advance the slightest proof of the assertion so confidently made. Indeed, "We" may mean anything, from Queen Victoria down to the nice little Ritualistic Bishop whose newly-won mitre bears hard and heavy on his overwrought brain.

Evidently, then, a national institution for the explanation of Pronouns is a crying necessity. Here "He" and "Him" can be made clear to all the dudes and a few of the clergy; here "Mine and Thine," and

their difference may be elucidated for all Socialists, Anarchists, sneak-thieves, burglars and dependent-pensioners. Here "I" can have its accurate measure taken from "Big enough to stand astride the Republican Party" down to a small Hill that would fain swell itself to a mountain. Here "She" may be made real and definite to Belva Lockwood, the W. C. T. U., and other ancient "He" girls who need to be cured of their "He" ways; and here "We," in all its funny, *funny* feebleness, may be shown up for Henry Watterson and other disappointed Democratic politicians who, as yet, can not see that there is in Washington now a real live President whose right foot weighs about twenty tons, and is planted on bumper bills every time.

*Timothy Karlen.*



## SHE HAD THE CALL ON THE AMMUNITION.

RELIEF AGENT OF THE "ROYAL ORDER OF COONS."—Whad's de nacher ob de disease?

KNOCKED-OUT MEMBER OF THE ORDER.—Dey yaint no nacher 'bout it, Mistah Graves. I wuz tryin' ter git some sains inter Phebe las' naight, en de kittle ob hot watah done got inter her harnds fust!

COAL is like the Honorable J. B. Foraker. It will not take a tumble to itself.

THROUGH BY DAYLIGHT—  
The Night.





## AFTER THE THEATRE.

COUSIN BOB.—Where shall we go next, Cousin Priscilla? Suppose we try the "Corsair"—

COUSIN PRISCILLA (*Boston*).—For heaven's sake, let's make a change! We had "Faust" last night, "Tristan and Isolde" to-night. Let's go to see something more cheerful than pirates!

## RESCUED.

IT WAS a cold, nasty, miserable evening. The searching wind blew wildly down the street, driving the cutting sleet against the unfortunate pedestrians with all the fierceness of the sand-storm of the desert.

The ground was covered with half-frozen slush and mud, and overhead the wires sang that peculiar melody of the cold. There were but few pedestrians upon the thoroughfare. Occasionally some warmly clothed merchant or clerk would hurry homeward, with head bent to the blast; carriages and cars rattled by at intervals, and the warm lights from the business places made the bleak street seem doubly cold and cheerless.

Cringing over a grating, through which a tinge of warmth came from a basement engine room, stood a man. He wore no overcoat, and his clothes were pitifully frayed and thin. His shoes made no pretence of keeping out the icy slush, his uncovered hands were blue with the cold, and upon his head was a hat which had once been for gay, light summer wear. In his face, drawn with cold and privation, were traces of refinement and intelligence.

For days he had lived as he could, and searched for employment in vain, while his little stock of money dwindled away. Would he be forced to steal?

Wild, bitter, tempting thoughts surged through his brain. Suddenly a half-frozen newsboy hurried by. With a last desperate hope the wretched man hailed him, parted reluctantly with his last penny for a paper, and, creeping close to a lighted window, he turned eagerly to the advertising columns, and perused the headings: "Too Late to Classify," "To Rent," "Real Estate," "Miscellaneous," "Personal," "Help Wanted—Female," "Help Wanted—Male."

WANTED, 468 sober, industrious men, at once—

He was saved. The paper dropped from his nerveless fingers, and his face lighted up with a glad look. He picked the paper up, and read the ad. again:

WANTED, 468 sober, industrious men, at once, to buy their overcoats of Chinchilla & Co., the One Price Clothiers.

C. N. Hood.

ON READING that two lepers had been discovered in Philadelphia, O'Shaughnessy remarked: "Thim Quakers is wakin' up t' athletics at lasht; praise be t' God!"



THE BANK OF ENGLAND doors are said to be "evenly balanced." We should say a balance that is not even would not be much of a balance. We trust that the cashier's accounts are also evenly balanced.

LIFE BEING what we make it, for purposes of reformation and improvement most of us make it next.

THAT UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.—It's quite right. Vol. o' Puck is what any one can understand. Vol. XXII, for example.

SHAKSPEARE is all meat and cream. His thoughts are immortal head-cheese.

IT IS SAID that Gerster's voice has lost its color. If voice has color, we wish the cat next door would have hers dyed, that we might fancy her a nightingale during the watches of the night.

"WE TAKE NO NOTE OF TIME"—when we can get cash.

THERE ARE fifteen churches on Fifth Parvenue, which is not a bad thing for dry-goods dealers and milliners.

IF IT IS spring in California all the year 'round, it ought to be a splendid place to rent houses and sell medicine for the blood.

"YOU LOOK like the devil," said a lady the other night; and the party addressed felt flattered, though the speaker was Terrybly in earnest. It was Henry Irving.

IT MAY BE some consolation to a man to feel that if he ever is the cause of a mourning bonnet being worn, the price will make no difference to him.

## ROSES.

BENEATH the sparkling snowdrift,  
Where happy snowbirds cheep;  
The roses of next summer  
Are lying fast asleep.

The spirit of the spring-time  
Will smile upon the snow,  
And then the merry roses  
In fragrant drifts will blow.

They'll smile in creamy clusters  
On lath and string and wire,  
And if you don't believe it,  
Ask E. P. Roe, Esquire.

R. K. M.



## ON THE OTHER SIDE.

MRS. SNAVEMOUTH (*Piccadilly*).—Who is that anxious-looking man across the way, Lionel?

MR. SNAVEMOUTH.—That's the President of the Bank of England, my dear. Since the arrival of an American named Gould, it is considered safer to have the official keep the funds under his personal supervision!



THE OPENING OF THE CON.  
TARIFF MONSTER.— Here I am again! Wh



UCK.



THE CONGRESSIONAL SESSION.  
am again! What are you going to do with me?



## RIDING LESSON.

If you never feel like a corked bottle being tossed about on a windy sea, at any other time, you do when you make your *début* on the spinal column of a horse.

You can scarcely realize what the saddle is for, because you sit all over the horse; and if it is proper to be in the saddle, when you are not on the ground, you feel that either the saddle should be six times as large, or the horse should be supplied with six saddles. No matter if the saddle is strapped on so tight that it makes the horse's eyes bulge out and look like painted nest-eggs, it always feels as loose as an old shoe, or the money that you can't tie up.

You feel that in a second you will be away down on one side of the horse, hanging on to his vertebrae with your heel, and you naturally bear your weight in the stirrups to keep your balance.

You are afraid of being laughed at by your instructor, or you would order some billets of wood to be hammered between the horse and the girth, just as boys put wood under their straps to keep their skates on firmly.

You are assured that if the girth were tightened, the horse would collapse with cramps; so you say no more on the subject. You know in your heart that the saddle is not going to slip, but at the same time you can't help imagining that it is.

So you go on wobbling and bobbing from side to side, feeling as though you would like to put your arms about the horse's neck for safety. As soon as you stand firmly in the stirrups, you forget to press your knees against the saddle; and when you press your knees against the saddle, your feet fly out of the stirrups, and you feel as awkward as the boy trying to ride the trick mule three times around the circus ring.

"You will drop into it before you know it," says the teacher.

This is very soothing, because up to this time you think you will drop off before you know it.

The teacher tells you he never had a pupil drop off once in all his experience, and then shows you a collection of scars under his hair that branch out in every direction. If he should lose his hair, the observer would naturally think that he had come in contact with a skating pond, and the spider had been made on his head, instead of on the ice.

Then he tells you how the stone wall felt when he struck it on the fly. But says nothing about how he felt himself.

The great trouble is, that you have about eight or ten things to remember at once, while your whole attention is exhausted in trying to keep off the tan bark. If you remember to sit back when the horse comes to a stop, you forget to keep your hands down. You think you can balance yourself better by spreading your arms out like wings. Then if you remember about your hands, you forget to turn your toes in—you feel as though you were going to turn them up every minute, to borrow an Occidental figure.



## ENGLISH SOCIETY NOTE.

"The Mayor of Liverpool had the pleasure of shaking hands with Mr. Sullivan yesterday, and was much impressed with the champion's individuality."—*London Telegraph*.

And then your feet work through the stirrups to the heels, and you can't get them out.

The horse then gives a lurch, and away go your straps; and in about two minutes the bottoms of your trousers are up about your knees, and other riders can't understand why you are riding in knickerbockers.

Just as you are doing your best to rise, in response to your teacher's "one-two, one-two, one-two!" the horse gets you against the fence, and, in proceeding six feet in this way, takes about six inches of skin off you. But this makes no difference if you are riding to reduce your flesh.

You assure your teacher that you never had so much fun in all your life. At the same time you take a sly look at the clock to see how soon your hour will be up. You know the horse's speed will be increased at the end of the lesson, to show you how you are improving, and get you into such a lather that you will take cold when you go out on the street. As much as you like riding, you always feel a keener admiration for it when you alight on the ground, and rush to the pier-glass to see if you



## ADMIRATION.

McGAHAN (has been watching one of those revolving dummies for ten minutes).—Av Oi had th' shtiddy head an me o' thot kid, Oi 'm layin' bets not aven Con Kelly's pfwhiskey c'u'd flure me.

are intact and if your clothes fit you all right. You have bobbed around like a water-lily for an hour, and now you want to get your land legs; because you feel as though you had been going down hill astride a rolling barrel, and had been obliged to jump up and down to keep on. Then you think how nice it would be if horses were only thin, like grayhounds, that you might clasp your feet under them to keep your seat. You are in a lather, but you are happy because the lesson is over. You have been bounced until your collar button felt like a dumb-bell every time it touched your neck. You feel that riding would be more enjoyable if you could have a lounge fastened on the horse, and ride lying down. Even if you don't ride for fun, there's lots of fun in it for the lookers-on. You can ride well when you can whirl around on a trotter without dislodging your artificial teeth, or hearing your change jingle in your vest-pocket.

Riding is said to be splendid for the liver; but for my part, give me English breakfast bacon every time.

R. K. M.

JACOB SHARP is said to be rapidly sinking—large sums of money in his defense.

THE "ANY OLD BOTTLES" MAN is doing a big business in Atlanta just now.

IT IS SAID that the sacred white elephant displayed greater fear of death than all the rest of the menagerie combined.

MR. SHARP'S HEALTH is a trifle more robust than it has been.

REV. PARKER is a pretty big man, but small countries fit him the best.

THE COMING FIGHT between Sullivan and Mitchell is announced to take place at a point not less than six miles, and not more than one thousand miles from London. The exact time has not been named, but it is rumored that it will either be in the day-time or night-time.



## A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS.

Office of  
Wilson's Trans-Continental  
Joke Exchange and Fun Manufactory.  
PINEVILLE, Tamarack County, Michigan.

MY DEAR PUCK:—

Being aware of the cheerful alacrity with which in times past you have always aided deserving institutions, and of the impartial manner in which you have always accorded Genius and Enterprise their due worth, I feel assured that when I lay before you the facts concerning the above-named company, you will at once proceed to recognize our existence in a substantial manner. Our object is to furnish jokes of all kinds, and miscellaneous fun, at the lowest possible price, and thus enable the consumer to "laugh and grow fat" at a minimum rate per pound.



Our factory is fitted throughout with all the latest known appliances for producing Side-Splitters, Button-Breakers, Hair-Raisers and all the various other well-known brands; while our Inventor, Baron Von Blumberg, is constantly pleasing us with some fresh evidence of his proficiency. The Baron is a wild-eyed enthusiast in his own particular line. He has been experimenting with fun of all kinds ever since his graduation at Leipsic, in 1867. He was possessed of considerable means at that time, and he nobly resolved to devote his means and his life to the hitherto neglected Science of Fun. He devoted his means to the science much sooner than he intended. He secured, at first cost, two of the regulation, life-sized German Jokes, satisfied himself that they were of genuine German birth—indeed, he has their pedigree—and brought them to this country with a view of observing the effect of climatic change upon the German product; but, alas! when he got them as far as Pineville, he was a ruined man—the freight and duty on them had exhausted his fortune—he was forced to mortgage his ancestral halls at Blumgenspiegel, Germany.

He was in despair. With a faint hope of retrieving his fortunes, he secured the main tent of a bankrupt showman and started to exhibit his jokes at twenty-five cents per look, with the privilege of having them interpreted. The Young Ladies' Foreign Mission Society of Pineville rendered him what assistance they could by starting a refreshment stand in the small portion of the tent not occupied by the jokes; because, as they said, the poor, dear man had such lovely long whiskers and such a sad look; but the scheme was a fizzle.

We engaged his services immediately after we started to work, and the Baron is once more prosperous, having paid off the mortgage on his castle the first month of his incumbency.

His latest achievement is the "Burlesque" machine. As a labor-saving machine this can have no equal. Previous to its invention, everything in the burlesque line had to be done by hand. The capacity of this machine is unlimited. He succeeded without effort in getting it to burlesque "Maude Muller," and that production of Mr. Bunyan's known as the "Pilgrim's Progress;" but the machine was thrown clear out of gear when he tried to run through a joke from *Life*. After making a few alterations, however, he succeeded in getting the tension screw up to the proper pitch of solemnity, and after successfully burlesquing several jokes from the above named publication, we are fully satisfied with the machine.

We can rent you one of these machines—it is small and you can teach your office boy to operate it—or we will do your burlesquing at so much per bur—sort of a chestnut bur, you know. We employ twenty-three hands in the various departments of our establishment, and everything moves along with the utmost harmony. We had some difficulty with our foreman when we first commenced operations. His name was Hotchkiss; he was a man of brilliant attainments, and apparently well qualified by nature to fill his position; but there was about him at times an air of inexpressible sadness that hung like a pall over the

whole factory, and on several occasions spoiled a choice lot of jokes that had been sent to the finishing room, and were nearly ready for shipment. He began to grow thin and haggard, his eyes were sunken, his skin had an unhealthy tinge, and his memory failed him at times.

When questioned as to his condition, he would become much confused, and would vouchsafe only evasive answers. His condition became the subject of general comment among the men.

One Jayson Hawkins, a man who saws up small jokes for country weeklies and patent insides, gave it to me as his candid opinion that Hotchkiss was given to excessive indulgence in Chili Sauce and French Mustard; but, as I contemplated the combination of sadness and solemnity that enthralled this man, I could not believe he had fallen that low. That very day I employed a detective to investigate the case, and the next night our foreman was surprised in his own dwelling gloating over a copy of *Punch*. The guilty wretch at once broke down and confessed his base betrayal of his employer's trust; he then immediately became broken up, and that night passed calmly away. We wept, but we remembered that his loss was our gain.

We have erected a large sanitarium here, and the health giving power of our products is rapidly becoming known abroad. One silvery-haired old gentleman, who came here from Kalamazoo six weeks ago, is a wonderful example of the benefit of our treatment. He was not able to walk when he came, and had to have a very mild joke carried to him every day in a bottle. His improvement has been rapid; he now walks to the factory each day, though with great difficulty and a cane, brings his little silver cup with him, and takes some of our hardest jokes without effort.

The dentists here have gas pipes running to our boiler-room, and we are supplying them with a first-class article of Laughing Gas. We send you illustrated catalogue, and price-list, also illustrated, by this mail. Give us a trial.

Funnily yours,

L. Wilson.

P. S.—We have in our employ a descendant of the man who discovered the embalmed Mother-in-Law Joke, fac-similes of which are frequently seen in this country, while making excavations near one of the great Pyramids in Egypt. L. W.

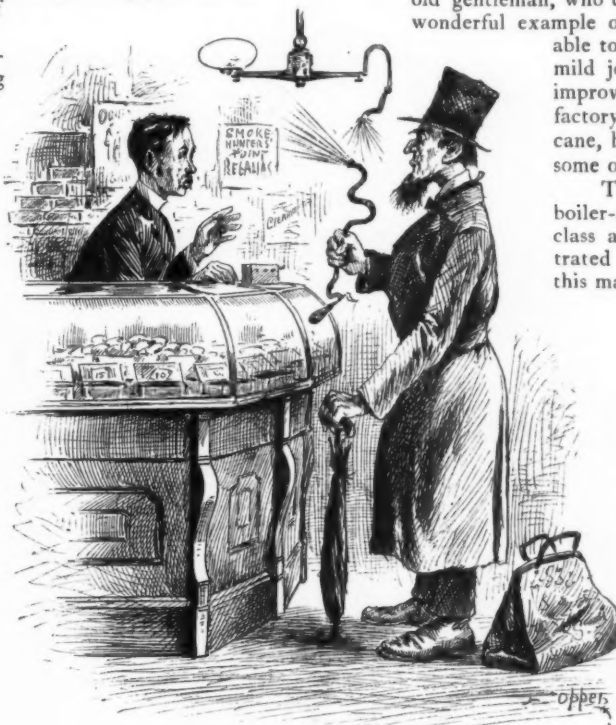


## A SECOND AVENUE INCIDENT.

GAMIN.—Wot 's der matter, Fiddsey?

FIDDSEY.—My bes'-ball rolled t'rough der fence, 'n' der gate 's locked!

GAMIN.—Brace up! Mister Evarts mos' ginerally kims up on der five-o'clock car. He 'll crawl t'rough 'n' git it fer yer!



## BOUND TO BE NOTICED.

CIGAR DEALER.—Hi, there! What 'n blazes you doing?

CUSTOMER (from Wayup).—Look here, young feller; when I go inter a shop to lay out a good five-cent piece fer a cigar, 'n' don't git shown no 'tention, I 'm go'n' ter ring fer it, 'n' don't you forget it!

IT MAKES A Frenchman wild to be laid up with German measles.

THE WEAKER VESSELS are to be found in the U. S. Navy.

IF THE gallows is the instrument of death, what is the accordion?

THE MAN who will not go to work Will live to rue it, For soon or late he 'll see the day When he 'll come to it.



Professor Darwin is not the only one who has been STRUCK by the likeness which many men bear to monkeys. Imitation seems to be the strongest point of similarity, and many men, like their prototype, imitate very readily, while they lack the power to ORIGINATE. ♦ ♦ ♦



UNLIKE THE IMITATIONS, IT HAS NEVER CLAIMED TO CURE ALL HUMAN ILLS, BUT A TEASPOONFUL OF

**Dr. Brown's  
Ginger**  
ESTABLISHED 1822, PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
U. S. A.

WITH A LITTLE WATER, WILL RELIEVE CRAMP, COLIC AND TROUBLE CAUSED BY CHANGE OF WATER. GOOD AT ALL SEASONS. ♦ ♦ ♦

IN BUYING, SEE THE RED LABEL, ADOPTED TO MEET FRAUDS. ♦ ♦ ♦



New York,  
December 7th, 1887.

K. Reader, Esq.—Dear Sir:

You are hereby informed that PICKINGS FROM PUCK, 4th Crop, has been out for some days, and that what is left of the edition is better than the three previous crops put together, which is a very large say to say.

You are also informed that "The Funny Baby," No. 5 of PUCK'S LIBRARY, is out, and that it offers a fund of humor unparalleled in the chronicles of amusing infancy.

The price of PICKINGS FROM PUCK is 25 cents; of "The Funny Baby" 10 cents; or you can have both together at the unprecedented reduction of 35 cents.

Very truly yours,

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,  
Publishers.

THE New York World gives six reasons why the Republican party will not nominate Blaine next year. But if the party makes up its mind that Blaine can not be elected it will have no use for the other five.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

WE expect to hear every day that Edison has introduced the electric spark into courting. It is doubtful, however, if it proves to be more satisfactory than the old-fashioned sparking.—*Boston Post*.

THE proof of a weather prediction is in the patience that waits long enough for it to come true.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

"HAS Henry George dropped politics?" asks a New York paper. The New York paper ought to know, but at this distance it looks as though politics had dropped him.—*Exchange*.

LORD WOLSELEY is writing a life of the Duke of Marlborough. — *Literary Notes, Chicago Tribune*.

**Fair White Hands.  
Bright Clear Complexion.  
Soft Healthful Skin.**

# Pears' Soap

**PEARS' SOAP**

*Most Economical  
Wears to  
Thinness of a Wafer.*

*For the Nursery.  
For the Toilet.  
For Shaving.*



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**SATISFACTORY OIL BURNER**  
**The Royal Argand.**

Large White Light, 65 Candle Power.  
IT WILL FIT ANY LAMP.

Absolute safety. Can not explode.  
An Automatic Extinguisher. No  
blowing out the light. Perfectly  
simple. Easily rewicked. The light  
is steady, without flicker.

**RESTS THE EYES.**

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Liberal discount to the trade.

SALESROOM, ALSO LAMPS,  
**1 Barclay Street.**

Chicago, 53 Dearborn St. Phila., 118 South 7th St.  
**NEW YORK BRASS COMPANY.** 47

**GUIDE to  
good  
HEALTH**

is the title of a pamphlet, the perusal of which can be warmly recommended to all invalids. Whoever entertains any doubt as to which of the many advertised Remedies would be the most efficacious and suitable for his particular complaint, should at once procure this little work, which is based on twenty years' experience. It will be sent gratis on application to Dr. RICHTER'S Publish. Office, 310, Broadway, NEW YORK, or 1, Railway Place, Fenchurch Street, London E.C.

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Dr. S. Owens, of the firm of S. Owens & Co., druggists, Ashland, Pa., writing Sept. 16, 1887, says: "Piso's Cure for Consumption gives more satisfaction than any other Cough medicine. I prescribe it in my practice in all cases of Lung and Bronchial trouble."

**Piso's Cure**

**FOR**

**CONSUMPTION.**

**BEST COUGH MEDICINE.**

**Sold Everywhere.**

**25 Cents per Bottle.**

**MARVELOUS  
MEMORY  
DISCOVERY.**

Wholly unlike Artificial Systems—Cure of Mind Wandering. Any book learned in one reading. Great inducements to correspondence classes. Prospectus, with opinions in full of Mr. PROCTOR, the Astronomer, Hon. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, DR. SIMON WOOD, REV. FRANCIS B. DEBIO, The Christian Advocate, MARK TWAIN, and others, sent post free by **PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.**



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Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.

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Friend, both elegance and usefulness will be found  
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3000 more Words and nearly 2000 more Illustrations than any other American Dictionary.  
Sold by all Booksellers. Pamphlet free.  
**G. & C. MERRIAM & CO.,** Pub'rs, Springfield, Mass.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY is a great work, and it is cheap for the price. But although the Dictionary contains 118,000 words, not including profanity, there is n't a laugh in it from end to end. Now, there are not quite 118,000 words in PICKINGS FROM PUCK; but there are just 118,293 laughs between its covers. That is where Puck gets ahead of Dan'l. 'T was n't Daniel, eh? Noah, was it? Go away—Noah? Oh, yes, now we remember—Noah wrote it to while away the tedium of long evenings in the ark, and he read it to the camelopard and the pterodactyl. This is the reason why the pterodactyl is now extinct. The camelopard survived, but suffered a severe strain, the effects of which are now visible in his neck. Noah might have been much better employed if he had had PICKINGS FROM PUCK, First, Second, Third and Fourth Crops, to laugh over, and the innocent pterodactyl would still be able to get around and buy his PICKINGS of all news-dealers, at twenty-five cents per crop.

The sparrow is now being used for pot-pies. The little pest is evidently determined to worry humanity, whether dead or alive.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

ENGLAND expects every man to do his duty, and America expects every woman to pay hers—but she don't, if there is any chance for smuggling.—*Detroit Free Press.*

JOHNNIE.—Mama, make Minnie put some c'lo'ne on my handkerchief, too.

MINNIE.—No, Mama; it is full of holes and ain't worth a scent.—*Detroit Free Press.*



**THE Toy the child likes best!**

This is the title of a descriptive Price-list, richly illustrated in colour-print, of the **ANCHOR STONE BUILDING BOX**, which should be found in every family and may be obtained from all Toy dealers, Stationers and Educational Depots. The Price-list will be forwarded gratis on application to

**F. AD. RICHTER & Co.**  
NEW YORK, 210, BROADWAY or LONDON E.C., 1, RAILWAY PLACE, FENCHURCH STREET.



**CLUETT'S CROWN COLLARS AND Monarch SHIRTS ARE THE BEST.**

We give to every purchaser the privilege of **RETURNING THE MACHINE** within thirty days if not **ABSOLUTELY SATISFACTORY** in every respect.



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SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET.

**WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT**  
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Linen papers and Typewriter supplies of all kinds.



**REMINGTON**  
No. 1.  
30 Cal.

Pat. Shell Ejector.  
Barrel and Frame, one piece steel.  
Octagon Ribbed Barrel.  
Rubber Stock. Full Nickerled.

The best Revolver in the market for the money. 3 in. Barrel. 2 1/2 lbs. Weight. 1000 ft. By mail, to any address, \$4.  
**THE ALFORD & HERKELE CO.,**  
77 Chambers Street, N. Y. P. O. Box 1002.

## BARNEY & BERRY'S SKATE AMERICAN RINK



All parts of this Skate finely polished and nickerled; runners of welded steel, tempered. Fastening of latest design; can be adjusted quickly and conveniently, and is secure when fastened. This skate is guaranteed in every particular. **BARNEY & BERRY'S** Skates are for sale by all Hardware Dealers, and Sporting Goods Houses. **CATALOGUE FREE.** **BARNEY & BERRY,** Springfield, Mass.

PUCK'S LIBRARY, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 & 6,  
to one Address, 50c.

HEWITT'S PATENT BALL POINTED PENS for sale by  
**Findler & Wibel,** Stationers and Blank Book Mfrs.,  
146-150 Nassau Street, New York.

## BALL-POINTED PENS.

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT—America, 295,395; Britain, 459.)



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Cleanses and Preserves the Enamel. Saves dentists' bills. A great benefit to the tender teeth and gums of children. A great luxury to bedridden invalids. Invaluable in hospitals where cleanliness is of vital importance. Has wonderful power in removing tobacco and other stains. One month's unprejudiced trial convinces everybody. Is the cheapest brush in use. To please everybody we furnish for our handsome imperishable holder "Adjustable Bristle Heads" of best material, approved forms, any desired stiffness, elegant and durable, for 15c. each. In connection use "Felta" for polishing (18 boxed 25c.) Holders, 25c. Sold by dealers or mailed on receipt of price by Horsey Mfg Co., Utica.

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His folks are all tired of his crowing and yelling.  
If a price that's at all within reason you'll pay,  
You may have the young rascal, and take him  
away.

The Mountains have bid every gem in their  
store;

The Ocean has bid every pearl on its floor;  
By the Land we are offered ten million of sheep—  
But we have no intention of selling so cheap!  
Compared with his value our price is not high—  
How much for a baby? what offer? who'll buy?  
—A. R. Wells, in "St. Nicholas," for December.

THEY accuse Herbert Spencer of being a lawn-  
tennis player. We are liable to be told next that  
Gladstone smokes cigarettes.—Minneapolis Tri-  
bune.

ALTHOUGH the government complains that it  
has too much money, it is weekly coining more.  
This shows that the government is not unlike  
the ordinary individual.—Philadelphia News.

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists.

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AS MILK.

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that the most delicate  
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REMARKABLE AS A  
**FLESH PRODUCER**

PERSONS GAIN RAPIDLY WHILE TAKING IT.

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OF CHILDREN, AND CHRONIC COUGHS.

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"Now, tell me, dearest, truth for truth—  
I sometimes fear you may have known  
In boyhood, or your earliest youth,  
Another girl you called your own.

"Forgive me if I seem to lapse  
From perfect faith—that is not it!  
I only wonder if, perhaps,  
You ever loved, a little bit!"

He thought of Kate, whose brilliant mind  
Once gave to life its keenest zest;  
He thought of Maud, whose hair had lined  
The left-side pocket of his vest.

He thought of Lillie, Nell and Sue,  
Of gentle May and saucy Nan,  
And then he did as lovers do,  
And proved himself a truthful man.

With injured air and mournful eye  
He sadly turned away his head.  
"If you can think"—she heard him sigh.  
"Oh! no—no—no! I don't!" she said.  
—Madeline S. Bridges, in *N. Y. World*.

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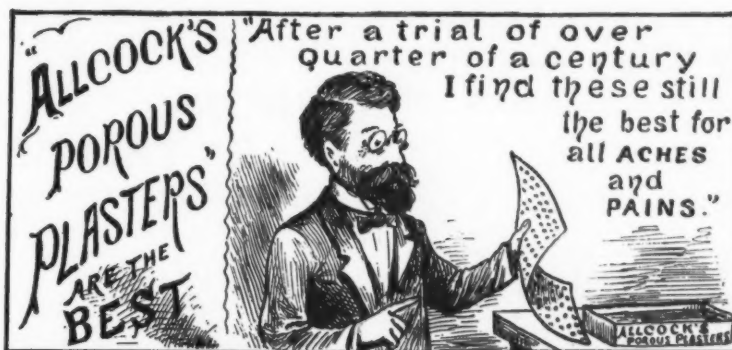
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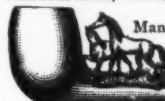
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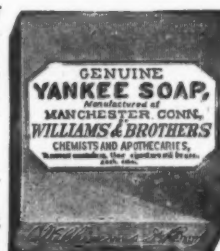
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THE game of foot-ball seems to be a mechanical business. Principally fall and tackle.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

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Will retail fashionable Furs and Seal-skin Garments this season.

This will afford a splendid opportunity for ladies to purchase reliable furs direct from the Manufacturer at lowest possible prices. Fashion book mailed free.

**CHAMPION OF TWO CONTINENTS.**

An Interesting Comparison of

**THE WORLD'S GREAT BREWERIES.**

Decidedly the greatest beer producing countries in the world are Germany and Austria. The manufacture of the national beverage and its consumption is a matter of investigation and comment for every traveler that has visited and written of those States. Many have gone behind the commercial feature of the industry, and have found in the production, fostered and protected as it is by the Government, a solution of the stability of the people. The people themselves, instead of fretting under the ordinary cares of life that carry more volatile neighbors into insurrection, absorb a philosophical quiet with the nectar of Gambrinus that saves them from the consequences of rashness. Small wonder that they cherish their colossal Brauereien and that the Government fosters them.

The last annual official statistical showing of the product in Germany and Austria has just been received here. According to this report, the output of the six leading breweries of Germany and Austria, in 1886, was the following:

	BARRELS.
1. Spaten Brewery, Munich, (Gab. Sedlmayer, Prop.)	363,017
2. Anton Dreher, Vienna	348,603
3. Löwen Brewery, Munich	252,750
4. St. Marx, Vienna	299,480
5. G. Pschorr, Munich	235,950
6. Liesing Action Brewery, Vienna	170,764

**Total, 1,670,564.**

There are innumerable small establishments, but these six larger ones serve to give some idea of the magnitude

REGISTERED **"SANITAS"** TRADEMARK

The GREAT ENGLISH DISINFECTANT.

The First Requisite in all Dwellings.

The most POWERFUL and PLEASANT of all PREPARATIONS in use.

Fragrant, Non-poisonous, does not stain Linen.

"SANITAS" Disinfecting Fluid, for sprinkling about rooms, disinfecting linen, and general house use.

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An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT.  
21 BROADWAY, N. Y.

of the industry in those countries. In the manufacture of the quantity of beer shown in the product of these six breweries, over one hundred and forty millions of pounds of malt were used.

To those of our own community who are not tinged with prohibitory theories there will be some satisfaction in learning that St. Louis, Mo., has not only the largest brewery in this country, but the largest in the world.

The Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, in the period covered by the official report from which the above is taken, manufactured and sold 13,120,000 gallons of beer, equaling

**410,000 Barrels,**

an excess of more than 10 per cent. above the production of the Spaten Brewery of Munich, the largest European brewery. Experts in the manufacture of beer are not slow to say that the quality, also, of the Anheuser-Busch beer excels that of its European rival in about the same ratio. This opinion is not only that of American judges, but in every European exposition in which the beer of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association has come into competition with that of all the above-named breweries, it has been awarded the first premium. In every European capital medals have been given to them showing that they surpassed all other exhibitors in the quality of the beer manufactured. These awards have not been merely occasional, but record a succession of triumphs.



Which hardens and invigorates the GUMS, purifies and perfumes the BREATH, beautifies and preserves the TEETH, from youth to old age.

One bottle of Sozodont will last six months.



A COLD DAY FOR PROHIBITION.  
PROHIBITION PARTY.—Will it ever thaw out again?